

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*,

*Bar.* Say what is *Horatio* there?

*Hora.* A peece of him,

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

*Hora.* What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* sayes tis but a fantasie,  
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him along,  
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,  
That if againe this apparition come,  
Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.

*Hora.* Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe awhile,  
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What wee haue two nights seene.

*Hora.* Well sit wee downe,  
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,  
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;  
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heauen  
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe:  
The Bell then beating one;

*Enter Ghost.* (gaine,

*Mar.* Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes a-

*Bar.* In the same figure like the King thats dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* Most like, it horrorres me with feare & wonder.

*Bar.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speake to it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* What art thou that vsurpst this time of night;  
Together with that faire and warlike forme,  
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke  
Did sometimes march; by heauen I charge the speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See it staukes away.

*Prince of Denmarke*

*Hora.* Stay, speake, speake I charge

*Ma.* Tis gone and will not an-

*Bar.* How now *Horatio*, you tr  
Is not this something more then  
What thinke you of it?

*Hora.* Before my God I might  
Without the fencible and true auct  
Of mine owne eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hora.* As thou art to thy selfe  
Such was the very Armor hee had  
When hee the ambitious *Norway*  
So frownde hee once when in an  
Hee smote the sleaded pollax on t  
Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before and i  
With Martiall stauke hath hee go

*Hora.* In what perticular thoug  
But in the grosse and scope of min  
This bodes some strange eruption

*Mar.* Good now sit downe, an  
Why this same strit and most ob  
So nightly toyles the subiect of th  
And with such dayly cost of braze  
And forraigne marte for implement  
Why such impresse of ship-wright  
Does not deuide the Sunday from  
What might bee toward, that this  
Doth make the night ioynt labour  
Who ist that can informe mee?

*Hora.* That can I.  
Atleast the whisper goes so, our la  
Whose image euen but now appea  
Was as you know by *Fortinbras*  
Thereto prickt on by a most emula  
Dar'd to the combate; in which o  
(For so this side of our knowne wo  
Did slay this *Fortinbras*, who by  
Well ratified by law and Heraldry



*Hora*